Alive

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by DrJLecter

Summary

Will enjoys his first evening out of their hiding spot very much.

Notes

I never planned on writing for this challenge because I have 7 other fics to finish, but this plot bunny assaulted me and didn't wanna leave me alone again. Thanks @hannibalcreativ for making my muse go crazy! :D

(not betaed)

See the end of the work for more notes

Will was on a high.

The night was warm and the streets were bathed in orange light and still busy. For the first time in weeks he was out of the little apartment they were occupying now.

He was meandering through the historic city's narrow alleys, just breathing, feeling, listening.

The countless tiny bars were open and inviting, the smell of food, drinks and the sound of music wafting between the high houses and Will immersed himself in the atmosphere.

Countless people milled around the entrances of the bars in small groups, eating, drinking, laughing. It was so different from the party spots in the USA that he couldn't help but soak up the easy joy these people emanated. This wasn't like a once-in-a-week party that was used to get shitfaced drunk, accompanied by the feeling that the evening *had to* be enjoyed to face the next exhausting work day.

This right here was a life style and the whole town was vibrating with it and Will couldn't help it – he relaxed.

The whole old city seemed to be a row of bars and with their doors and windows wide open it was easy to see the long counters covered in endless plates of food, exotic and different, delicious and never the same twice. The tiny bars invited to just step in, eat a few of the little snacks they called pintxos here, have a glass of the delicious local wine and go back to wandering through the busy alleys and that's exactly what Will did. He'd stopped counting after the fourth or fifth bar and just as many glasses of wine.

Hannibal would love all of this once he was strong enough to go out again.

Will wiped his hands on a napkin after eating the most delicious combination of seafood and fruit on a tiny piece of baguette and started his way back to their apartment. He'd been out long enough for his first night and suddenly he wanted to be back in their little private space.

Hannibal hadn't been happy with Will leaving alone, but he wasn't well enough yet to walk around for an extended period of time. He'd checked every possible source he had to make sure they hadn't been discovered before reluctantly agreeing to Will's plans of an evening out.

Will probably would have gone anyway, but it was better to agree on things like that. They still needed to find a proper balance in their new coexistence, both of them unsure on how far they could go and what was allowed. Will knew Hannibal would allow him almost anything, but he wasn't someone to willfully abuse that power, not with Hannibal at least. Not anymore.

A short stumble on a staircase made him realize that he was probably a little bit too drunk. After weeks without alcohol due to heavy pain medications, his body has lost some of its tolerance. Combined with the hot temperatures and the exertion of walking around so much, he found himself almost staggering around a corner.

He absolutely did not giggle when he failed to get the key into the door for at least 5 minutes.

When he finally managed to open the entrance door, sway up the narrow staircase and push through the next door into their hallway, he was out of breath, his shoulder and cheek twinged and he couldn't stop grinning. He felt alive.

Hannibal appeared in the living room door and Will thought he looked haunted, as if Will was a ghost he hadn't expected to ever see again.

Will didn't stop, didn't think, he just knew he wanted to wipe that expression off his face, so he took two wobbly steps and pressed a gentle kiss to soft lips, hands placed on the strong chest.

Drawing back he couldn't keep his goofy smile off his face at Hannibal's shocked face.

"Hey."

He leaned in again, but miscalculated so their noses bumped and he ended up pressing a sloppy kiss to a corner of Hannibal's mouth.

Will's balance was screwed enough that he lost his footing and ended up being held up by strong arms, his face pressed into a soft shirt. He was shaking with laughter.

"It seems you enjoyed your trip."

Hannibal's voice was faint with wonder and Will sagged against him, his arms now wrapped around slim hips.

"I did. Next time you'll come, too. It's great," he murmured into Hannibal's shirt. Content to stay where he was, he enjoyed the pleasant buzz of alcohol in his blood.

"Are you planning on staying like this all night?" He sounded amused now, more collected.

"Mmmh, probably. Feels good."

The hand that had started to move over his back stilled.

With the last strength he could find in himself, he pushed back to look at Hannibal. He didn't miss the quick tightening of the hands in his shirt at that. Blinking away some of the dizziness proved a challenge, but he managed after a few moments.

Then he leaned in deliberately slow, his eyes never leaving Hannibal's, and then they were kissing for real. There was an electric shock running along Will's spine at the novelty of their lips and tongues touching and he shivered. It was soft and warm und Will wanted to drown in it.

Hannibal was the one breaking the kiss, his eyes wide.

"You're quite drunk."

“I am. But not drunk enough to do something I don’t want to actually do.” Will licked over his lips, chasing the taste.

Hannibal’s eyes followed the movement and with a smirk Will stepped back towards the bathroom just to stumble over his own feet and fall into the opposite wall.

He lifted a finger in warning. “Not a word.”

“Of course not.”

Will could hear the smile in his voice as he stalked off with a huff, hiding his smile with a hand.

Things were good. Being alive was good. He planned on keeping it that way.

End Notes

Google Pinxtos/Pinchos and feast your eyes at that wondrous food and tradition. If you ever have the chance to visit the Basque Country you definitely need to go to Bilbao or San Sebastian and their historical bar districts. Best two weeks of my life.

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